

ON THE  
Prince's going to England,  
WITH AN  
A R M Y,  
To Restore the Government.

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*Hunc saltem everso Juvenem succurrere Sæculo  
Ne prohibete. — Virg. Georg. Lib. I.*

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Once more a *FATHER* and a *SON* falls out,  
The World involving in their high Dispute:  
Remotest *India's* Fate on *theirs* depends,  
And *Europe*, trembling, the Event attends.  
Their Motions ruling every other State,  
As on the Sun's the lesser Planets wait.  
*Power* warms the Father, *Liberty* the Son,  
A Prize, well worth th' uncommon Venture run:  
Him a false Pride to Govern unrestrain'd,  
And by bad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;  
All Bars of Property drives headlong through,  
Millions oppressing to Inrich a few.  
Him Justice urges, and a Noble Aim  
To equal his Progenitors in Fame,  
And make his Life as Glorious as his Name.  
For Law and Reason's Power he does engage,  
Against the Reign of Appetite and Rage.  
There all the License of unbounded Might:  
Here conscious Honour, and deep fence of Right,  
Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.  
Greatness the one, Glory the other Fires,  
This only can deserve what that desires.  
This strives for all that e're to men was dear,  
And he for what they most abhor and fear.  
*Cæsar* and *Pompey's* Cause by *Cato* thought  
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,  
Again at last *Pharsalia* must be fought.  
Ye fatal Sisters! now to *Right* be Friends,  
And make Mankind for *Pompey's* Fate amends,  
In *Orange's* Great Line, 'tis no new thing,  
To Free a Nation, and Uncrown a King.

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